Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind:
Thou loosest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no such daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, (*Burgũdy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon: come noble

Exit Lear and Burgundie.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters?

Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a sister am most loath to call your faults
As they are named, vse well our Father,
To your professed bosoms I commit him,
But yet alas stood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties?

Regan. Let your study be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time shal vnfould what pleated cũning hides,
Who couers faults, at last shame them derides:
Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

Gonor. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.

Reg. Thats most certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our sister most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her off, appeares too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but slenderly.

derly knowne himselfe.

Gono. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Rag. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* banishment.

Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his, will but offend vs,

Ragan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must doe something, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bastard Solus.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my seruices are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiositie of nations to depriue me, for that I am some twelue or 14. moones shines lag of a brother, why bastard? wherfore base, when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardie? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then doth within a stale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a sleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter speede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the base shall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. *Kent* banisht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, subscribd his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glost. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter?

Bast. I know no newes my Lord.

Glost. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord,